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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 27

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12:30 to 1:30 P.M. C.D.S.T.

JULY 28, 1932

THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: And now - "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers." --

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: Now, folks, we're taking you to the National Forest where Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are looking after the Pine Cone Ranger District. It is now the height of the summer field season and the forest rangers are beset by many duties for which the long summer days are all too short to accomplish. There is inspection of the cattle and sheep ranges, directing the work of the improvement crews and the influx of tourists and campers and fishermen who want information and assistance. And then -- there is always the threat of fire. Every force at the Ranger's command must be instantly mobilized to prevent the spread of the flames and the vast damage that may result. Hard riding is the Forest Ranger's portion during this season of the year and now as we tune in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station, Jim and Jerry are just coming in from a long ride in the high ranges. Here they come --

(SOUND OF HORSES TROTTING)

JIM: Whoa, Dolly.

JERRY: Whoa -- Whoa, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES STOPS)

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Doesn't want to stop till he gets clear inside the barn, does he, Jerry?

JERRY: No. This horse of mine always gets all pepped up when he's headed toward home.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Visions of a nice manger-full of hay, I reckon. -- Well (DISMOUNTING) -- Stand still, there, Dolly. We'll have that saddle offa you pronto. -- Whoa, girl.

JERRY: (DISMOUNTING) Whew! I bet we rode a million miles today. -- My legs are kinda stiff.

JIM: We did ride a good piece, Jerry. We've been using the car so much lately, we're getting kinda soft, I guess.

JERRY: Yeah. I know I am, anyhow.

JIM: Well, we made it home before dark, this time.

JERRY: Yeah. But not much, though. It's getting dark fast now. -- You go on in, Jim. I'll take care of the horses.

JIM: All right, Jerry. I've already got the saddle and bridle off of Dolly. -- (SOUND OF PATTING HORSE'S NECK) Good old Dolly!

BESS: (CALLS, OFF) Is that you, Jim?

JIM: (CALLS) Yep. Here we are, Bess. The weary travelers return.

BESS: (COMING CLOSER) It's about time. You're late, as usual.

JIM: Oh, now, Bess. It isn't dark yet.

BESS: (UP) No? Well, it doesn't lack much of being dark. - How did things go today, Jim? Anything happen?

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JERRY: No. This horse of mine always gets all pepped up when he's headed toward home.

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JIM: Oh, now, Bess. It isn't dark yet.

BESS: (UP) Not well, it doesn't look much of being dark. -- How did things go today, Jim? Anything happen?

JIM: No. Nothing special. We covered a lot of sheep range though, for one day. -- And (CHUCKLES) -- You know that sheepherder they call Tony?

BESS: Oh yes, I remember him.

JIM: Well, this morning I was trying to impress on him the necessity of keeping his herds away from that "closed" area that we've allotted to the Institute for biological research. - "You betcha ma life, I kip' away from dere," Tony says. "Dey no put me in no Eenstitute."

BESS: (LAUGHS) Poor Tony. Evidently he had a wholesome respect for Institutions.

JIM: Looks that way. -- You know, Bess, I sorta hesitate to mention it at this late hour, but I've got a notion that Jerry'll be kinda hankerin' for a little supper.

BESS: Jerry!? I guess you're speaking two words for yourself and one for Jerry. Now isn't that so?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, maybe that's right. I reckon I could stand a little supper myself, now that you speak of it.

BESS: Now that I speak of it! (LAUGHS) -- Well, anyway, supper's on the stove, so it'll be ready by the time you two are.

JIM: (CALLS) Hear that, Jerry!

JERRY: (OFF) Yeah. I'll be in as soon as I get the horses some hay. They're too warm for their grain now.

BESS: Oh, say, Jim. I meant to tell you that the guard at Wagon Canyon Station phoned in and said he'd discovered where somebody had cleaned a lot of fish in the creek.

JIM: Hmmm. Stream pollution, eh?

BESS: He said he found some dead fish in the stream and it looked like someone had taken a lot of fish by dynamiting the creek, and had been salting them down.

JIM: Hmm. I see.

BESS: But he was unable to find the person that did it.

JIM: Well, I s'spect I could make a pretty good guess.

BESS: You mean that Mike Bundy?

JIM: Yes. I had a suspicion that he was doing the same thing last year, but I wasn't able to get any proof. Old Mike Bundy's a pretty slick customer.

BESS: He's a dangerous character - and a menace to this community! -- Oh, dear. I was hoping we wouldn't be bothered by him any more.

JIM: Don't worry, Bess. I reckon he isn't quite as dangerous as he sounds.

BESS: He's bad enough. I wish you didn't have to have any dealings with him.

JIM: Well, unless we can get more conclusive evidence than Ernie Knight up at Wagon Canyon seems to have now, we can't do much this time. -- Anyhow, right now, let's look into this matter of supper.

JERRY: (COMING UP) That's what I say, Jim. I've got the horses all taken care of now, so let's eat.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Rarin' to go, huh, Jerry? -- Well, Bess says the grub's all ready to dish up.

BESS: Yes, I'll have it on the table by the time you two finish washing.

JIM: All right. -- We'll wash up here on the back porch, huh, Jerry?

JERRY: Okay. -- Here, I'll fill up a couple of wash basins. (SPLASH OF WATER) There, dig into that, Jim.

JIM: Thanks.

JERRY: Did I hear you saying something about Mike Bundy a minute ago?

JIM: Well, Bess was telling me that Ernie Knight up at Wagon Canyon Guard Station reported finding where somebody had been taking fish illegally, and cleaning them in the stream.

JERRY: You think it was Bundy?

JIM: Haven't any proof -- Here's the soap, Jerry.

JERRY: Thanks. -- Well, taking fish by illegal methods - and stream pollution -- that's two violations of the law right there.

JIM: Uh huh. And probably taking over the legal limit besides. -- Not much evidence to work on, though. Guess I'd better go up there tomorrow and look around.

JERRY: Yeah. -- Ow, I got soap in my eyes. Where's the towel?

JIM: Here y'are. -- (CHUCKLES) Gropin' around like a blind man.

JERRY: Okay. -- There. -- Now I'm ready for the eats.

JIM: Let's glance over the day's mail before we eat, Jerry.

JERRY: All right.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: Hmm. Not much mail today. -- Here's a letter from the Super's office. Probably about special use matters. -- Here's a personal letter for you, Jerry.

JERRY: Thanks. -- Yeah, it's from the folks at home.

BESS: (OFF) Supper's ready now, boys.

JIM: All right, Bess. We're coming right after it. -- Come on Jerry. You can read your letter at the table.

JERRY: All right.

(PHONE RINGS)

JERRY: There's the phone.

JIM: Go ahead, son. I'll get it. (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello. Pine Cone Ranger Station. -- Oh, yes, Ernie -- Yes. Bess told me about it. -- Yeah. Uh-huh, I see. -- Got the license number? -- Good! -- Yeah. I know that number. -- Yeah -- All right, Ernie, we'll see if we can head him off. It'll take him at least an hour to get down here. -- All right. G'bye. (HANGS UP RECEIVER) (CALLS) Oh, Bess.

BESS: (COMING UP) Yes, Jim.

JIM: That was Ernie Knight, up at Wagon Canyon, again.

BESS: (COMING UP) Was he calling about those fish again?

JIM: Well, he said he sighted an old rattle-trap car that looked kinda suspicious, and he thought it might be the game hog he was speaking about -- but it pulled out before he could get to it. He got the license number though.

JERRY: He did get the number?

JIM: Yeah. And it's Mike Bundy's license. I know that number.

JERRY: What you going to do now?

JIM: Well it may be that Bundy's figuring to slip out of the forest by night, with over the legal limit of fish. -- I'm going to take a chance that I'm right, and stop his car at the Winding Creek bridge, if he does come down that way.

BESS: Oh, Jim! Do you have to do that?!

JIM: Well, Bess, since I'm commissioned deputy game warden I can't avoid my duty. Something has to be done about such things.

BESS: Oh dear, I wish you could keep out of it.

JIM: There's nothing to worry about, Bess. Just a little fame of hide-and-seek, that's all. -- I wish you would call the State Game Warden for me though, while I'm eating my supper, and tell 'im that Jim Robbins sends his best wishes and says he hopes it won't be a wild goose chase if he comes up here tonight to take charge of a game law violator I might have for him. I want to get over to the bridge before he gets by.

BESS: Yes, I'll call him, Jim, but couldn't he go instead --?

JIM: Law enforcement is part of our job, too, Bess. --

JERRY: Say, are you sure Bundy'll come down the Winding Creek Road, Jim?

JIM: Well, the only other way he could come out with a car would be around by Big Bend, and that'd be pretty far out of his way.

JERRY: Yeah, I guess that's right. --

JIM: Well, let's see. -- I guess I'd better take this off the hook and strap 'er on, -- just in case --

JERRY: Are you taking your gun?

JIM: Uh huh. It might look a little more convincing in case of an argument -- and our old friend Bundy generally seems to have that old rifle of his along with 'im.

JERRY: You didn't take your gun last time you went out to find him.

JIM: I know. That was day-time. -- Bundy's the kind that might do things under cover of darkness that he'd be too chicken-hearted to do in broad daylight.

JERRY: Yeah, that's so. Shall I take my gun too?

JIM: Jerry, you don't need to go this time, if you don't want. I reckon I can take care of things all right by myself, and maybe you'd better stay here and --

JERRY: (CUTTING IN) Say, you mean -- because there's apt to be gun play?

JIM: Well, Bundy bein' what he is --

JERRY: (CUTTING IN) Look here now -- You ain't going to leave me at home and let you take all the risks? -- I'm going along too.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That's our new assistant ranger speakin', Bess. -- Well, all right, Jerry. Let's grab a bite of that supper, and get on up to the bridge. -- And don't you worry, Bess.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JERRY: There don't seem to be much traffic on the road tonight
Jim.

JIM: Nope.

JERRY: Do you s'pose Bundy went the other way?

JIM: Well, he mighta given us the slip. Can't say.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: It's sure dark tonight, isn't it?

JIM: Uh huh.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: Whew. I have had softer things to sit on than this rail.
-- How long d'you s'pose we've been here, Jim?

JIM: 'Bout an hour or so, I reckon.

JERRY: Gosh. It seems like we've been here half the night
already.

JIM: There's one thing that working in the woods teaches
you, Jerry, and that's patience. When you've worked
in the forests and on the ranges as long as I have,
you'll begin to realize that old Mother Nature sticks
pretty close to her ways - and old Daddy Time keeps
a pretty regular schedule. -- You can help Nature along
a little bit sometimes, but you can't do much to make
Time speed up. -- Take a look at the stars, Jerry.

JERRY: Gosh, yes. They sure are beautiful tonight, aren't
they?

JIM: Yep. -- And they're a long way off, I reckon. Just
consider how big this universe is, - and you'll find
there's plenty to think about besides your own little
problems and worries. -- Almost too much space for
one man's thoughts to cover. -- (PAUSE)

JERRY: Listen! -- That sounds like a machine coming down the road!

JIM: Yeah. So it does.

JERRY: Maybe that's Bundy. -- Gosh, I sure hope we can catch him with the goods.

JIM: Well, if we do he's got it coming to him. There's no doubt in my mind that he's been a consistent violator of the game laws -- and a good many other laws.

JERRY: You told me once about finding a doe he'd shot -- and left her two little fawns to starve.

JIM: Yes. He's the worst kind of a game hog, Jerry.

JERRY: Look! -- See those auto lights?'

JIM: Yep. I'll step out in the road and signal 'im to stop. --

JERRY: (EXCITED HALF-WHISPER) Look! He's stopping up there! He sees you already! -- Look! He's turned out his lights!

JIM: (QUICKLY) Here, Jerry, -- quick! Help me get this pole up across the road! -- Looks like he's going to try to dash through. -- That's right. -- Yep, that's what he's up to. Here he comes!

(ROAR OF AUTO MOTOR, OFF, -- COMES UP, AND DIES WITH SCREAM OF BRAKES AND COUPLE OF CHUGS)

JERRY: (HALF WHISPER) He darn near crashed the pole!

BUNDY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hey! Wat's the idear -- ! Who's blocking this road?

JIM: (RAISING VOICE) All right, Bundy. It's your old friend Jim Robbins.

BUNDY: Wat's -- w-wat's the idear o' stoppin' people this-a-way - on the public road? You ain't got no call to stop me. Get that pole outa my way or somebody's goin' to get hurt.

JIM: Jerry! You better take charge of Mr. Bundy's gun.

JERRY: Yes sir. I'll just take that rifle, Mr. --

BUNDY: (ANGRILY) Hey! That's my gun -- ! You lay off!

JIM: (STERNLY) Bundy! Take yer hands off that gun!

BUNDY: Well, wat the -- wat's the idear, anyhow?

JIM: Well, you see, Bundy - Mr. Quick and I - we're just sorta curious to see what you've got in the car tonight, so we thought we'd have a look.

BUNDY: I ain't got nothin' - 'ceptin' a few trout --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Ain't that funny now. It was trout we were specially interested in --

JERRY: He's got the whole back of the car fulla boxes of fish, Jim.

JIM: Well, now, that's interesting. -- Bundy, I s'pose you've heard some time or other that we have certain game laws -- ?

BUNDY: Well, - uh - maybe I did take a few over the limit, but that ain't hurtin' nobody, is it?

JIM: And that we have a regulation against stream pollution, for instance, and against wholesale slaughter of fish by dynamiting the streams -- ? You know why we have game laws, Bundy? Game laws are made to keep some people from taking game and fish all the time, so that all the people can hunt and fish some of the time.

BUNDY: Lissen, Mr. Robbins -- Maybe I done things agin the law oncet or twice - but I ain't figgerin' on doin' it agin - and - you kin take them fish if you want, and we'll call it square - huh?

JIM: I don't think it'll be that easy, Bundy.

BUNDY: Lissen, Mr. Robbins --

JERRY: Here comes somebody, Jim.

JIM: Yeah, sure enough. -- Looks like the State Game Warden. -- Yeah, that's Jack, all right. I can tell by his walk.

GAME WARDEN: (OFF) Is that you, Jim?

JIM: (CALLS) It sure is, Jack. I'm glad to see you, - I've got something here that'll interest you.

GAME WARDEN: (COMING UP) Interviewin' somebody?

JIM: Yes. - Jack, I want to make you acquainted with this gentleman here, by the name of Mr. Mike Bundy.

GAME WARDEN: Well now, this is sure a pleasure. I've been hankerin' to meet Mr. Bundy - officially, that is, - for quite a spell.

JIM: That's just what I thought. -- I reckon you'll find enough evidence right there in the car, Jack. And maybe I can help clear up a couple of other points for you, besides. -- I guess you'd like to take Mr. Bundy under your escort now, huh, Jack?

GAME WARDEN: You betcha. -- Well, let's have a look -- Hmmm -- Look at that -- (etc.)

BUNDY: (MUTTERING TO SELF) Durn guvment ment - always interferin' -- (ETC.)

(GAME WARDEN'S AND BUNDY'S VOICES FADE OFF)

JERRY: (SOTTO VOICE) Say, Jim - How about Bundy threatening us with that rifle? I can be witness that he --

JIM: (CUTTING IN) I guess we can forget about that, Jerry. I s'pect the judge'll make it heavy enough on the game law violations to let Bundy know we mean business on this forest. --

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, I guess Ranger Jim and Jerry are ready to call it a day, by now. -- Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers always stand ready to aid forest users and visitors to the national forests in every way they can. But they are also ready to take vigorous steps ahainst those who fail to play the game square - those who violate the regulations for the protection of game and fish, or those who carelessly or wilfully set fire to the forests and thereby cause public property to be destroyed.

Tune in at this same hour next week, when Ranger Jim and Jerry will be with us again. "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service. The role of Ranger Jim is played by Harvey Hays. Others in todays cast:

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